VOL. XXXVI. No. 933. PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 23rd, 1895. PRICE 10 CENTS.
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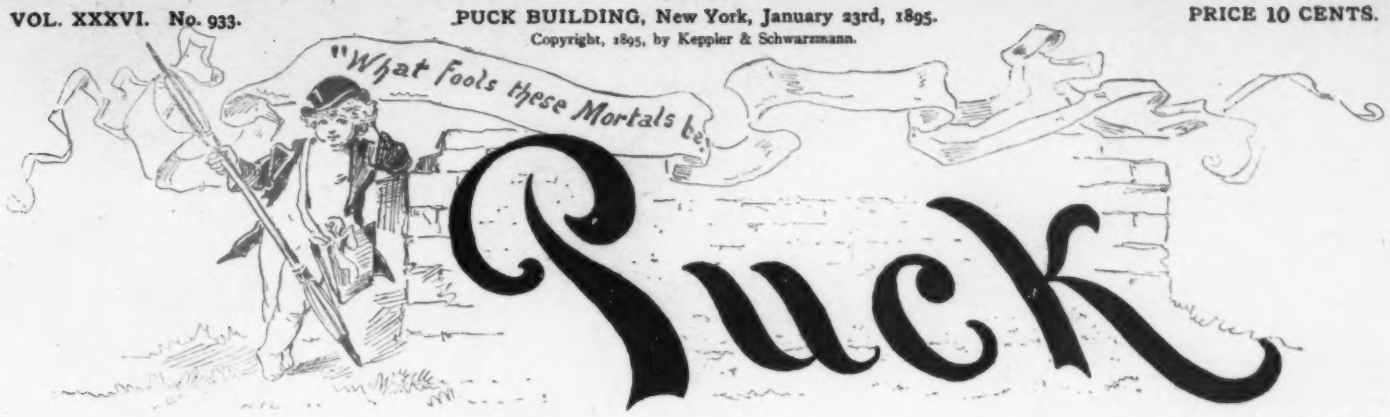

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U·S·SENATE

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

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PUCK

NOT QUITE YET.

THAT woman is rising no one can deny
Who watches events of the years passing by;
As doctor and lawyer she doses and pleads,
She writes books and pamphlets which every one reads,
She holds her conventions of plot and of plan;
But she never will be quite the equal of man
Till she quits shedding tears in stormy debate,
And ceases opponents as "mean things," to rate.

A WRITER'S MISTAKE.

"Well," said Miss Rondo, as she opened a package which the postman had just brought her, "I was sure I could n't sell that poem. Here it is back again for the fourth time."

"What made you so sure?"

"Well, I tied it with a purple ribbon, because I had n't a blue one handy, and purple is my unlucky color."

NOT ADAPTED TO SPEED.

EMPLOYER *(to new amanuensis)*.— Here, you 're taking most of this dictation in long-hand! You represented yourself as a stenographer.

GRADUATE *(of business college)*.— So I am, sir; but you talk too fast!

"NO SAINT."

ANNIE. — My husband, you know, is a martyr to dyspepsia.

FANNIE.— Yes; I heard him asking the doctor about your case.

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UNEQUALLY DIVIDED.

MRS. UPTON *(from beneath the comfortable blankets)*.— Oh, you need n't growl! We all have our ups and downs in this life.

UPTON.— Yes; but the ups with this kid last two hours, and the downs only last five minutes!

ENDORSED.

"The poor are always with us!" the beseeching parson cried,
As the deacons passed among the money-droppers;
And the sum that they collected his assertion ratified,
For the contribution-plates were filled with coppers.

FAMILY TIES — The Ones Your Brother is always Borrowing from You.

"CONSCIENCE MAKES cowards of us all." But it can not make honest men of us all; — there is where conscience is in the soup.

THE MAN who drove dull care away found that it came back sharpened.

IT CAN NOT be said of the professional bankrupt that "his failings lean to virtue's side."

HE WHO IS GLAD LAST IS GLAD BEST.

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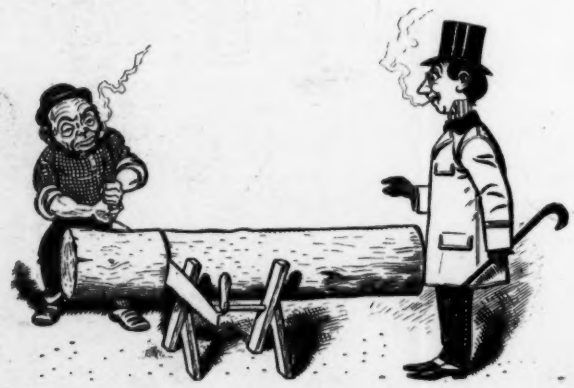
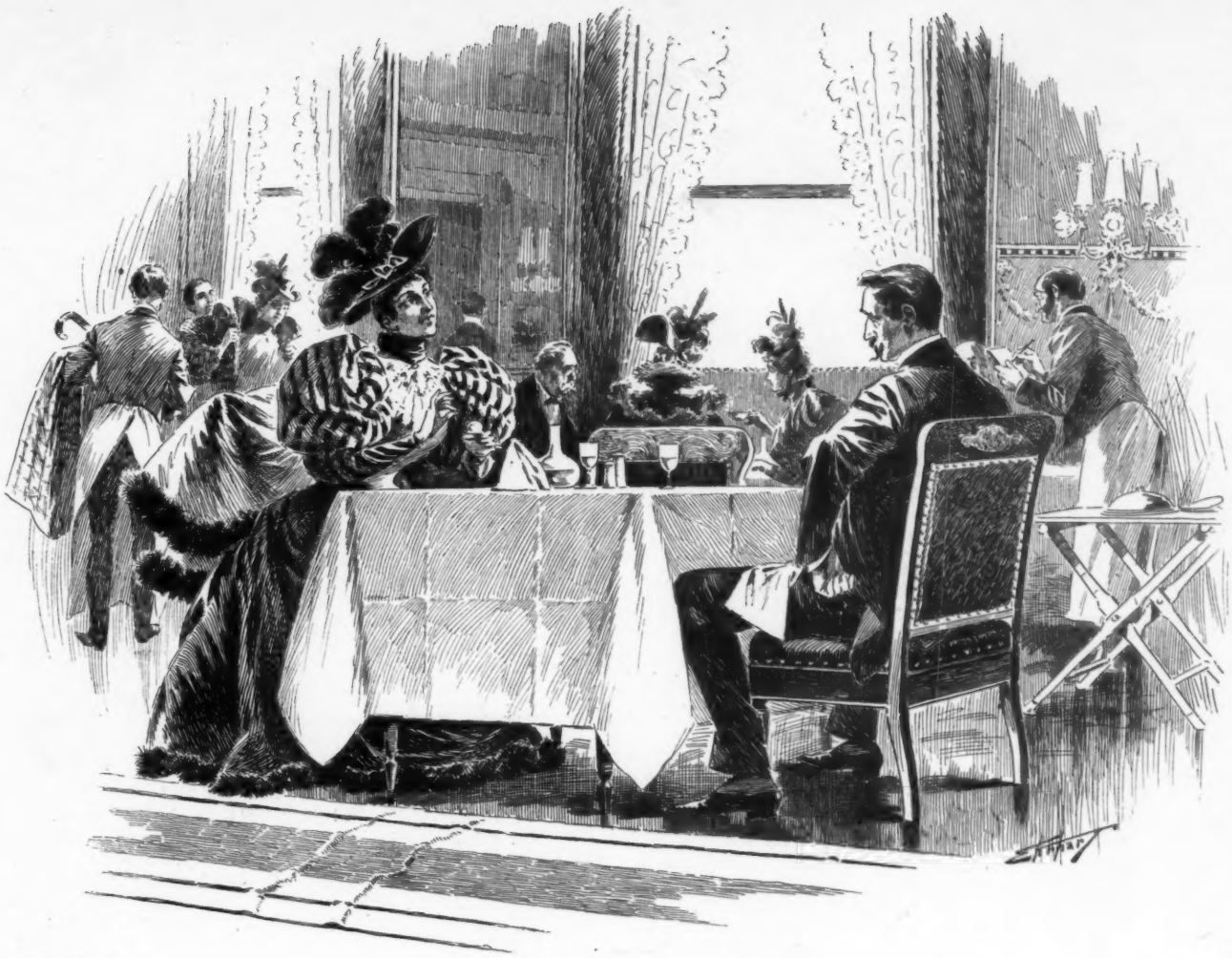


CHAPPIE.— Say, old fellah! I 'm deuced glad I 'm not you, to have to saw that — aw — log!

THE OLD FELLAH.— And Oi 'm moighty glad Oi ain't you, standin' there watchin' me!



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À LA CARTE.

MRS. HAUGHTON.—While we 're waiting, I 'll take one of those tablets the doctor prescribed.
MR. HAUGHTON.—But, my dear, the doctor said they should be taken one hour before meals.
MRS. HAUGHTON *(carelessly)*.—Oh, they never keep you waiting much longer than that here!

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HIS MOTIVE.

FOND MOTHER.—Clarence, did n't I overhear you praying at bedtime for God to keep Willy Wiggles from harm during the night?

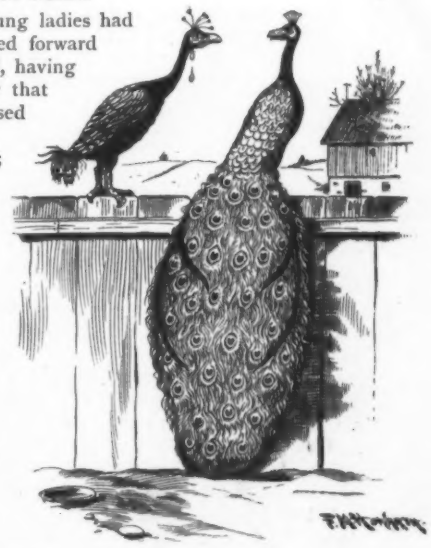
LITTLE CLARENCE.—Yep! I wanted him spared, so 's I could lick the stuffin' out of him to-day.

THE MONARCH'S PROPOSAL.

When the two thousand young ladies had become quiet, the Sultan stepped forward to the centre of the stage and, having sipped from the glass of water that was ready at his hand, addressed the assembly:

"My darlings!" he cried; "be mine! *(A VOICE: Louder.)* Be mine! *(Cries of 'hear, hear!')* I can never love another. *(Sensation and disorder in portions of hall.)* You are the first girls—*(Increased disorder.* A VOICE: Down in front. SEVERAL VOICES: Don't shove!*)* I say you are the first girls I ever loved. All who are in favor of marrying me, say 'aye!' Of contrary mind, 'nay!' The ayes appear to have it. The ayes have it." *(Cheers and waving of handkerchiefs.)*

THERE ARE conspicuous exceptions to the rule that short accounts make long friends.



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TRUE.

FIRST PEACOCK.—They say it is bad luck to have peacock feathers in the house. Do you believe it?

SECOND PEACOCK *(sadly)*.—Do I? Well, I should say so! Just look at the luck I've had since our folks took my feathers to put in their house. Why, there is n't a hen on the place that will notice me!

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MR. DADDY'S FIRST WALK ABROAD

AFTER AN INTERESTING EVENT.

MR. DADDY'S *countenance wears an expression of beaming content, and he notices that even on Broadway the birds are singing sweetly and all Nature smiles. He meets the well-known Society Leader,* MRS. CCCC, *who greets him cordially.*

MRS. CCCC.—Oh, my dear Mr. Daddy! I can not tell you how pleased I was to hear of the new arrival. Such a sweet little b——girl—no, boy. How interesting! Allow me to congratulate you. *(*MR. DADDY *allows her. They pass on.)*

MR. DADDY *(to himself).*—Remarkably fine woman that—so well preserved. She is not so very old, either. I certainly must call on her soon—and take the Baby. Yes; must certainly take the Baby! Here comes Willy Sissy, imagining that he looks like the Prince of Wales at his best. Rich as Crœsus, though; and just about ass enough to lend me that money, if I approach him properly. How do you do, Sissy?

MR. SISSY.—Ah! Mawnin', me deah Daddy. So pleased to heah about your good fortune, don't you know. Congratulations, and all that sort of thing, me deah boy! *(Shakes hands.)*

MR. DADDY.—You are extremely kind. But, you see, in an event like the one to which you refer so pleasantly, one's entire arrangements—financial and otherwise—are knocked completely sideways. Now, I was just saying to myself, as you came up, that, relying on your well known—

MR. SISSY *(interrupting).*—Ged! there goes Miss Fly. Fine gel, be ged! Must join her, deah boy! Congratulations, you know,—happy father, and all that. My regards to Mrs. Daddy. So long!

MR. DADDY *(to himself, as* MR. SISSY *rushes after the charming* MISS FLY*).*—Can't imagine why he wanted to join that absurd girl. He was just going to drop to my request when he caught sight of her. Nice fellow, Sissy. So genial and good-natured. He seemed to take a great interest in that Baby,—has never seen it, either. *(Starts.)* Lord! I came very near forgetting those errands the nurse asked me to attend to. Let 's see; four prescriptions, one pound of—Here comes the Reverend Mr. Creed. He always reminds me of a funeral, although he did marry us. Good-morning, Mr. Creed!

THE REV. MR. CREED *(shaking hands in the usual ministerial fashion*—MR. DADDY'S *hand between both of his).*—My dear young friend, I was so greatly pleased to hear yesterday of the birth of another little soul! I hope you realize your opportunity, Mr. Daddy, and your responsibility. By the way, Mr. Daddy, your subscription to the Society for the Promotion of Good Habits among the African Dwarfs is now due. Shall I receive a check from you soon? I congratulate you most heartily on the arrival of the little stranger. Pray, remember me to Mrs. Daddy. Good-morning, sir!

MR. DADDY *(as he walks on).*—One of the best men that ever preached! He is so in earnest—just running over with the milk of human kindness. Speaking of milk, that reminds me.—What was it the nurse wanted? *(Encounters* MR. FUNNY.*)*

MR. FUNNY *(poking him in the ribs).*—How de do, Papa? Bress he 'ittle heart. Cooche, cooche, coo! Ha, ha! How him little tootsies?

MR. DADDY.—Ha, ha! He, he! Ho, ho! Ha, ha!

MR. FUNNY.—Making love to the nurse now, I suppose, Daddy? House upside down and inside out. Sleeping in cellar, no doubt. *(Making in rapid succession seventeen alleged jokes about milk, mothers-in-law, nurses, doctors' bills, etc.)*

MR. DADDY.—Ha, ha! Ho, ho! He, he! Ha, ha!

MR. DADDY *(as* MR. FUNNY *leaves him).*—Jolliest fellow I ever saw. Regular Sydney Smith. So refined in his humor. *(*MR. DADDY *suddenly finds his hand grasped by an elderly gentleman in spectacles.)*

MR. PROSY.—Very glad to hear of your good fortune. It reminds me of when my eldest son was born, *(relates the principal incidents of the infancy and boyhood of his eldest son.)* Now, when I was a boy, *(confides to* MR. DADDY *the history of his youth.)* Now, my sister-in-law, Mrs. Jinks, says, *(quotes in extenso Mrs. Jinks's ideas and opinions.)* And I suppose that in the future, *(gives* MR. DADDY *the benefit of his speculations on the future at great length.)* But you remember that pathetic incident in the boyhood of the Great Napoleon, *(gives synopsis of the history of the French people for the last two hundred years.)* And then, our Own Washington—

MR. DADDY.—Ah, yes! I remember that interesting incident about Washington, perfectly. It is very kind of you to give me the benefit of your experience and ideas. I wish you would make it convenient to call and see our baby. Good-day, sir! *(They separate.)* What a wonderful command of the English language! One of the best-informed men I ever met; and so interesting! *(Meets the ever-young* MISS GUSHER.*)*

MISS GUSHER.—Oh, my dear Mr. Daddy! *So* interesting! Oh, so glad for you and *dear* Mrs. Daddy. And so the little one has come *at last?* Oh! *tee-hee!* what *am* I saying?—would not speak of it, I am sure; but we *are* such *old* friends. Not *old*, you know; but we 've known each other *so* long. But I *must* ask you about the cunning little baby—I know it must be cunning; and don't tell any one I asked about it, will you, Mr. Daddy? Oh! I should so like to hold it! Can't I come and hold it some day? Oh! do please say I can. Oh! *(and so on for about ten minutes. She finally wriggles up the street.)*

MR. DADDY.—I can't understand why that girl has never married. Handsome, intellectual and entertaining; and yet she does n't seem to be appreciated. *(*MR. AFFAIRS, *an influential man of business, salutes him cordially.)*

MR. AFFAIRS.—Good-morning, Mr. Daddy! Glad to run across you. I wish to talk with you about that consolidation scheme of Senator Blank's. He places great confidence in your judgement and discretion, and I can assure you that you can make a *very* good thing out of it. Lunch with me, to-day; say at two o'clock; I 'll wait at my office for you. Good-morning!

MR. DADDY *(to himself, as* MR. AFFAIRS *leaves him).*—He means well,—but what an insufferable bore! That man barely escapes being an unmitigated cad. Completely bound up in his own affairs, and absolutely selfish. *Damn* Senator Blank!

J. Black.

A MOOD OF WINTER.

THE WIND benumbs her knuckles,
Her ears and Grecian nose —
Like rosy honeysuckles
Her beauty richly glows.

Old Winter, full of rapture,
Unfolds these flowers gay
Upon her cheeks, which capture
His thoughts this snowy day.

He kisses her sweet fingers,
The cute and sly old thing, —
'T is thus he gladly lingers
Upon the lap of Spring.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A BOW-WOW QUESTION.

"Suppose," said little Mabel, the other day, "that our pug should try to follow his nose; — would he run down his throat, or would he just turn a back somersault?"

SCARING THEM OFF.

TRAVELER.—What is that contrivance on top of your engine?

CONDUCTOR.—That 's a blind, to make robbers think it 's a trolley-car.

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DISADVANTAGES OF REALISM.

FOOTLITES.—So you 've been playing "Jim the Cracksman" with a real burglar. Was it a big hit?

MANAGER.—Splendid! But it broke us up.

FOOTLITES.—How d'ye mean?

MANAGER.—Well, the infernal scoundrel robbed the box-office and got away with every cent.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

MILDRED.—Why does he part his name in the middle with a hyphen?

MARJORIE.—Perhaps it is to help him out. You know the poor fellow stutters.

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A SOLID MEAL.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.—Here, poor fellow, is a sponge cake.

HUNGRY HAWKINS.—Oh, say, boss, can't yer give me somet'in' more solid dan cake?

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE *(surprised)*.—Something *more* solid! Good heavens, man, my wife baked this cake herself, and it 's the first one she ever made!

FIT FOR DESPERATE ENTERPRISES.

GOLIGHTLY.—What makes you so certain that your eleven will win the foot-ball game?

CAPT. KICKHARD.—I know my men. Every one of them has been rejected by the girl he loves.

A FAILURE.

"Fenilworth affects an English accent now, I hear."

"Yes; but he does n't effect one."

THE LIVING picture, once for all,
Reveals herself to man;
The modest girl, 'twixt shore and ball,
On the instalment plan.

IT IS all up with the centipede when he is knocked off his feet.

THE CLOUDLAND of poetry has a silver lining, which causes many a man out of employment to fancy he has wings.

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HAD NOT LOST COURAGE.

MR. MULHOOLY.—Toimes is thot harrud wid me thot Oi hove n't sane th' soight av a dollar bill fur t'ree wakes.

FRIEND.—Kape y'r courage up, me bye! Kape y'r courage up!

MR. MULHOOLY.—Bedad, Oi do! Only this marning, phwin th' agint called fur th' rint, Oi stood up befoor him loike a sojer—an' most bate th' face ahf 'im.

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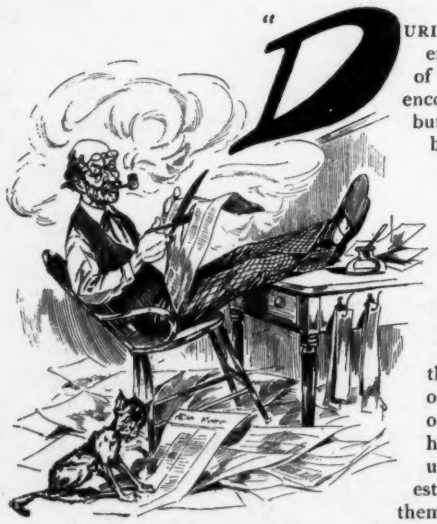
CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

MRS. BRACER. — You 've been drinking again, John!
BRACER. — How d' ye know? *(hic.)*
MRS. BRACER *(triumphantly)*. — I smell your breath!

THE BORE'S NEMESIS.



"DURING OUR long and somewhat checkered career," remarked the able editor of the Hawville *Clarion*, "we have encountered bores of many descriptions; but, so far as our experience goes, the biggest bore ever born in captivity was old man Lincoggle, who used to infest our sanctum from early morn till dewy eve, with intervals for refreshments, of course.

"He levied upon our perquisites of wedding cake, circus tickets and early pawpaws, as if vested with riparian rights. When not slumbering — which he did much of the time, to an accompaniment of snores like the death-rattle of an expiring bovollipus — he was either arguing with us or snapping up our freshest exchanges and shucking them with a deftness born of long practice. Not content with reading them, he must needs slash out of each such articles as seemed to him worthy of preservation in the collection he was making of data upon every conceivable subject under the sun; and when he chanced to find an item of unusual interest, he would pounce upon it with a sonorous '*Wellfburdam!*' which was sure to side-track and often wreck our train of thought.

"He continued to inhabit our sanctum till he could give us valuable pointers on all phases of the newspaper business, and would doubtless be here yet had it not been for the occurrence of one of those episodes which no man can prognosticate.

"One day, upon returning to the office after a brief absence, we discovered Mr. Lincoggle endeavoring to ensconce his entire person in the knee-hole of our desk, in which attempt he was being ably assisted by a large elm club in the hands of a middle-aged lady of magnificent proportions. At our entrance the lady paused to explain that she was the relict of the late Mr. Jurnigan, formerly of Texas, who, having died within a week after his arrival in our midst, had been accorded an obituary notice in the *Clarion*, in which a typographical error was responsible for the statement that he had gone to his last roasting-place.

"We sympathized with the widow, but suggested that she had punished the editor sufficiently for his dastardly insinuation. When she was gone the bore crawled out of his refuge, glared at us in unutterable wrath and scorn, and left the office never to return. The mills of the gods indeed grind slow, but they get there all the same!"

TOO GOOD FOR EARTH.

BINKS. — Sad affair, Goodman's death. I don't believe he had an enemy in the world.

JINKS. — I don't believe he had, either. Why, even his relatives always spoke well of him!

IN THESE DAYS.

MISS FAN DE SYCKLE. — Who was it said "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world?"

MRS. STRONGMIND. — I don't know. But, anyway, no one pays any attention to anything said of the men nowadays.

A NATURAL QUESTION.

SHE. — The subscriptions, you know, are entirely voluntary.

HE. — Yes; I wonder how much we 'll have to give?

THE EYES may be the windows of the soul, but the mouth is the door that shows what kind of company it entertains.

A THING OF beauty is a joy until the neighbors learn how much it cost.

THE EXPERIENCES of life teach that one has one's choice between being a fat sinner or a lean Christian.

THE LADDER of success I fain would dare
To climb above the world, and there behold it;
But when I get the blamed thing reared in air,
I find no dear, unselfish man to hold it!

Roe L. Hendrick.

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NOT MEANT, EXACTLY.

MRS. CATCHON. — Are you going to Mrs. Upandup's fancy dress ball *en masque?*

MRS. NEWRICH. — Oh, no, my dear; not at my age! I shall go *au naturel.*

PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of PUCK *is $5.00 per year.*
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.
Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Editor - - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, January 23rd, 1895.—No. 933.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

TWO KINDS OF PATRIOTISM.

ACCORDING TO the best present lexicographic authority, the word "Patriotism" is defined as follows:

"Love of one's country; the passion which moves one to serve his country, either in defending it from invasion or in protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions.—'Being loud and vehement, either against a court or for a court, is no proof of *patriotism*. Where the heart is right, there is true *patriotism*.' Bp. Berkley—Maxims."

From this, it will be seen that real old-fashioned patriotism is an admirable thing. Just how long it will take to corrupt the word so that it will require a new definition is at this time an interesting question. Statesmen and editors from whom we might have expected the real thing have so prostituted the term of late that the following definition might more readily be recognized than the true one we quote above:

"Patriotism: The art of appealing to the prejudices of unthinking voters by loud and vehement iteration of their nation's honor and greatness and the unspeakable infamy of all other nations, for the purpose of making political capital for one's party." See *Blatherskite* and *Buncombe*.

Two years ago our minister to Hawaii, without authority, connived and assisted in the overthrow of that monarchy. It was n't much of a monarchy and perhaps it deserved to be overthrown. Nevertheless, the part which this Government was led to take in the affair, through the unauthorized acts of its too-zealous minister, was dishonorable and wholly unjustifiable. Fortunately for the dignity of the United States, the President under whose administration the outrage was perpetrated went out of office before he could give it his official sanction. The incoming President reviewed the case and discovered that a great wrong had been done in allowing our naval forces to aid the Hawaiian revolutionists. He made such effort to right this wrong as was proper and consistent with the dignity of the United States, and this effort failed, necessary though it was to our reputation for fair play. The affair would have been closed and forgotten long since, but for the fact that it furnished a splendid opening to all the sham patriots of the country—the men who affect to be most jealous of their country's honor, for selfish ends. They first denounced the President for refusing to rush through a treaty of annexation in accordance with the programme of his credulous predecessor. Then, when it was found that Hawaii did n't want annexation, that question was dropped and the President was accused of conspiring to restore the fallen monarchy. After awhile the absurdity of that accusation became manifest; so, now, he is accused of withdrawing a United States man-of-war from Honolulu, thereby leaving the islands exposed to the mercies of Great Britain. Notwithstanding the fact that Great Britain has never shown the slightest desire to mix up in the matter, that nation has been credited by these professional patriots with a most rabid and villainous desire to seize the islands by force of arms. It has been a most astounding and shameful exhibition up to the present time. Part of it is easy to account for and part of it is not. It is easy to see, for instance, why the two leading Republican newspapers of New York,—the *Sun* and the *Tribune*,—should denounce the policy of the Administration toward Hawaii. They denounce it at all times, for anything and everything. They denounce better than they do anything else,—the *Tribune*, to make capital for its party; the *Sun*, because of the feeling of personal spite it has for President Cleveland. What we can not see is why a few reputable Republican Congressmen should assist in keeping this dead issue above ground. Why should Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge play the demagogue so persistently? Let the *Sun* continue to print its editorials headed, "Does Cleveland Hate the Flag?" "Has Cleveland Betrayed His Country?" "Is Cleveland a Scoundrel?" No one takes them seriously; and events have shown that, for a public man, the *Sun's* enmity is apt to be salutary, and its friendship fatal. But young and promising statesmen like Senator Lodge are regarded by their constituents and the country at large with a respect that they should not trifle with. The public man that is seen through most quickly and surely by the American people is the kind of patriot that our suggested definition fits. And we warn Senator Lodge and such of his misguided colleagues as are emulating his brand of patriotism, that they are in danger of being seen through both quickly and surely.

PROTECTION THAT WORKS BOTH WAYS.

The double-page cartoon in this issue of PUCK illustrates one of the most striking evils of the protective system,—the manner in which other nations "get back" at us for the tariff-duties we impose upon their products. Unlike most evils of Protection, this one reacts upon the protected manufacturer. From the manufacturer's standpoint, Protection is an undisguised blessing so long as his country has a monopoly of it. Then he not only has his home market secured to him by tariff-duties, but the markets of all other nations that do not "protect" are open to him. But, when these other nations discover what is being done to them, they retaliate; that is, they put a prohibitive tariff upon our principal products, and our protected manufacturer finds his foreign market closed. Naturally, he can not be free to sell his own goods to all the world, and yet keep his native market sacred from outside competition. And it is certainly as fair that he should be forbidden to sell to foreign nations as that the American consumer should be forbidden to buy from them. The protected manufacturer is thus forced to swallow his own medicine. It does n't cure him, because the American tariff still enables him to sell his goods to American consumers at an unchristian profit; but it ought to open his eyes to the fact that if he breaks one half of the Golden Rule, some one else is bound to smash the other half for him.

TEN YEARS FROM DATE.

FRIEND.—Did you know a feller named Skinner when you wuz up de river?

EX-CONVICT.—Only jist be sight. We policemen did n't associate wid dem embezzlers.

IN THE WAY OF TEMPTATION.

DUSTY RHODES.—Did n't I warn you last Fall not to get naturalized?

FITZ WILLIAM.—Well, what 's the harm?

DUSTY RHODES.—Harm? Why, under the new law you 're eligible for a job cleaning the streets!

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NOT PROPERLY EQUIPPED.

BRONCHO BILL.—What yer talkin' about makin' this yar territory a state fer? Yer can't make no state of it yet—'t ain't ready.

ALKALI AL.—Why ain't it, ye galoot?

BRONCHO BILL.—Why ain't it, ye long-eared jack-rabbit? Where yer goin' ter get yer United States Senators? Ther ain't a man in the hull territory rich enough ter buy a ten-acre lot covered with pebbles!

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THE GRAND OLD GAM

GERMANY.— You vill not take mein raw sugar, — I vill not tak
FRANCE.— Sacré nom de dieu! You discriminate against my w
UNCLE SAM.— What do I care for commercial intercourse and

D GAME OF TIT FOR TAT.

I will not take your bork or beef or hay or noddings. Donnerwetter!
against my wine! Is it not so? I will not take your goods.
rcourse and prosperity? I 've got my "Home Market" all to myself, see?

A FULL REPORT.

WHEN YOUNG Docket went down to Washington to argue a case before the Supreme Court, he left instructions with his office-boy to take a list of the names of all the people who called during his absence, and their business.

On coming into the office the next morning, he found the following interesting memorandum on his desk:

Century Co. called.

Man called on personal business. Large; thin; gray side-boards; bad teeth; patent-leather shoes; long striped pants, turned up at the end. Said later he had some very good books to sell me; but I told him I was deaf and dumb.

Here comes Mr. Jenkins, at just exactly fifteen minutes to one. He came in and said: "Is Mr. Docket in?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well, how is things?"

"Well," said I, "they 're as good as can be expected."

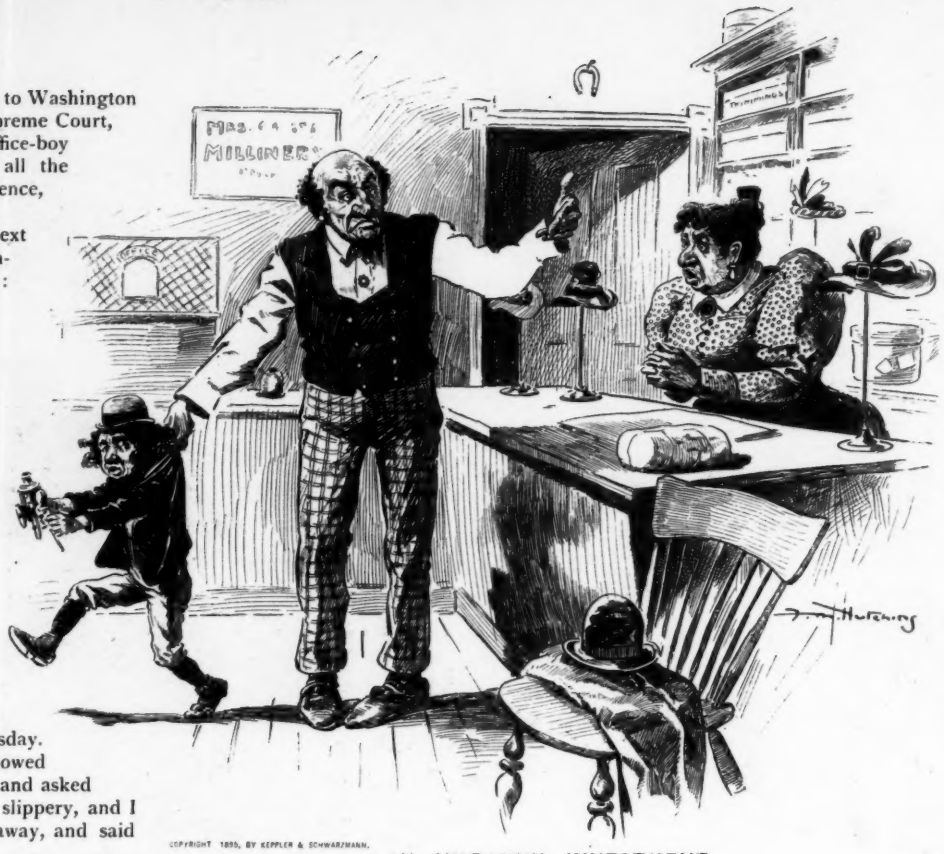
He admired the picture, and commented on the long, thin legs, and things in general, just like a critic.

"Well, I must be going, now," he said.

I said, "Good day." And he said it was; and he hoped the weather would keep like this till next month. He said he would call at ten, Wednesday.

Mr. Hawley came in and took a seat, and showed me a new patent arrangement he had just bought, and asked me if I thought he got stuck on it. It was pretty slippery, and I don't think he did, for he let it fall. He went away, and said he would call again.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Why, howdy do, Mr. Miller!" (He just came in. 2:59.)



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AN UNCANNY INVESTMENT.

MRS. BURNUPSKI.—Vot vos de matter mit you, Isaac?

BURNUPSKI.—A good deal. Solly shust took his money out of his savings bank, and bought a fire-engine.

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A CHANCE FOR IT.

NURSE *(to* DOCTOR, *who has just been called in)*.—It appears to be a very complicated case, Doctor. Can you make anything out of it?

DOCTOR.—Well, between you and me, I think I can make a couple of hundred out of it.

"When is my case on?" (Smithers *vs.* Ferris, ain't it?) says he.

"Next week, first Friday," says I.

Then he says I should tell you that when you come downtown again you should stop in and see him.

I am going over to Miss Ribbon's, now.

Just got back from the type-writer's.

The woman you bought a dozen cakes of soap of last week came in and wanted to sell you some more. But I told her she must think we eat soap here.

A gentleman called to see about putting up a Louis XI hat-rack. But I advised him he would do better to get something more up to date.

A clerk from the office of Coats, Evans & Tracey called.

This is what he said: "Is n't Mr. Docket in? Oh, dear! he 's a pretty hard man to find, ain't he?"

"Oh, no!" says I; "I can always find him when I want him."

He said if he could see you a minute he would be happy.

That 's all; and I call it a pretty good day's work for three dollars a week. I 'm going home as soon as I get my overcoat on.

Yours respectfully, *Johnny Short.*

AN EXCEPTION.

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I 've HEAHD it said, aw, don't you know?
Deah boy, since time began,
No chappie was a weal hewo
In the mind of his man.

It 's wong, weal wong, my man thinks *me*,
I 'm suah, a weal hewo;
He does n't say, but I can see
That twuly he thinks so;

Foh once I put a fiah out
Caught from my cigawette;
The thing was gweatly talked about —
You fellahs don't forget?

And once a whole week left alone,
My man laid on the shelf;
(Though I 'd wather that it was n't known,)
I weally *dwessed myself!*

He often stands, wegahds me so—
With look of mild supwise;
And so I 'm suah, aw, don't you know?
I 'm a hewo in *his* eyes.

R. L. M.

AN INTELLIGENT ANIMAL;

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OR, HOW MR. MAULE STYCKE SOLD HIS PICTURE, AND WHY MR. TRAYNER SOLD HIS DOG.

I.

II.

III.

IV.

V.

VI.

THE MENIAL'S RETORT.

The Eskimo housewife was shouting up the back-stairs.
"Mary!" she cried; "it 's time you were getting breakfast."
The hired girl snorted petulantly.
"You make me weary!" she exclaimed; "calling me before February every morning."
Such is life in 86 degrees, 35 minutes, north latitude.

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A POETIC FAKIR.

"Lend me your ears!" the poet cried,
And he read me his poems through;
But I 'm sorry, now, that I complied,
For his thoughts were borrowed, too.

AT DINNER.

"I tell you," said old Mr. Pulsiver to his little son, with great gusto, "Roast goose is n't complete without apple sauce, is it, Ollie?"

"No, indeed, Papa!" replied Ollie; "and I don't think apple sauce is ever complete without roast goose, do you?"

IF TIME is money, many of these murky Winter days must be lead nickels.

LOVE, LIKE crime, is seldom confessed until the completeness of the evidence makes confession a mere matter of form.

SYMPATHY.

MRS. NOALL.—The Vandergilt's have returned after suffering terrible hardships in their cruise in the Southern seas. Their yacht crew mutinied, and they were marooned on a desert isle.

MRS. BLANKHEAD. — How dreadful! And maroon is a color Mrs. Vandergilt always detested!

TRICKS OF ONE TRADE.

FOREMAN. — Here 's a crazy kind of a poem that has n't any title on it.

POETRY EDITOR.—Well, head her "In the Gloaming," and give her the track!

"WERE N'T YOU ready to leave your earthly tenement?" asked St. Peter.

"No," replied the soul of the defunct collegian; "I was literally kicked out."

A HALF-MILE DASH — Your Remarks after stepping on the Nocturnal Tack.

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A DEADLY INSULT.

MR. CLEMINGFORD.—Now, whut fo', Mr. Burlingame, does yo' want to assult Mr. Woffingham?

MR. BURLINGAME *(hotly)*.—I ovabeahs him tell Miss Matilda Mokely las' night, dat whenevah I laff'd my mouf looked like a cellah full of geese; dat 's why!

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

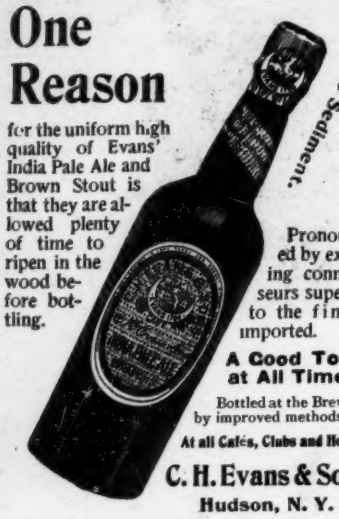
Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

One Reason

for the uniform high quality of Evans' India Pale Ale and Brown Stout is that they are allowed plenty of time to ripen in the wood before bottling.



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Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Book *free* at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000 000 boxes.

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COLD in HEAD
PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS

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PAPER WAREHOUSE.
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

TO THE YOUNG FACE
Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms: to the old, renewed youth. Try it.

FROG VOICES.

LITTLE JOHNNY.—Our teacher says it is only the male frogs that sing.

LITTLE ETHEL.—Huh! The female frogs has too much sense to try to sing.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

To prevent any disorders of the stomach, or as an appetizer, use BOKER'S BITTERS.

WILL TAKE ANYTHING.

"I want a title for my new play," said the author. "Something that will take, you know."

"Something that will take?"

"Yes."

"Call it 'A New York Policeman.'"—*Washington Star.*

WHAT'S THE USE?

MRS. X.—I've resolved not to make any good resolutions for this year, my dear.

Mr. X.—That's the only resolution you ever made that you can be depended upon to keep.—*South Boston News.*

NOT NEAR ENOUGH.

WITTICUS.—The Woman's Rights girls are going to discard the divided skirts, after all.

QUERICUS.—What for?

WITTICUS.—They find they can not crease them down the front.—*Truth.*

SOME men seem to take pride in their "proneness to sin."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY of the complexion, hands, and hair, in thousands of instances, is found in the perfect action of the PORES produced by **CUTICURA SOAP.**

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

HORSE NONSENSE.

FIRST HORSE.—If I were you I'd be ashamed to show myself at the Horse Show another season.

SECOND HORSE.—Why not?

FIRST HORSE.—Your mistress wore an American-made dress, and your groom did not drop his h's. All respectable horses were laughing at you.—*New York Weekly.*

YEAST.—Do you write it Christmas or Xmas?

CRIMSONBEAK.—I write it Christmas before the day, and Xmas afterwards.

"That seems strange."

"Not at all; Xmas is a short way of writing Christmas, and I always am short after it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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A PERTINENT QUESTION.

THE DEACON.—You are a disgrace! A disgrace alike to yourself, your friends, your relatives, and to humanity. No one can ever say that I brought disgrace to my friends and family by drinking rum.

PARCHED PETERS *(wishing to appear interested in the discourse).*—What did you do it with, then?

WHAT SHALL WE CHEW?

Mail Pouch.

WHAT SHALL WE SMOKE?

ANTI-NERVOUS
ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

PURE
HARMLESS
SATISFYING

Coughing.

For all the ailments of Throat and Lungs there is no cure so quick and permanent as Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. It is palatable, easy on the most delicate stomach and effective.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, aids the digestion of other foods, cures Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and gives vital strength besides. It has no equal as nourishment for Babies and Children who do not thrive, and overcomes

Any Condition of Wasting.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

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D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER, For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floor room; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular, 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, New York, or C. F. JORDAN, Chicago Agent, 269 Dearborn Street.

OPIUM **Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.** DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

WANTED. Illustrated Paragraphs for Ads. of our Beer, in fine style. Space 2 x 4½ inches. J. SCHMEDTJE, Adv. Agent Anheuser-Busch B. A., St. Louis.

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FREE SPEECH LIMITATIONS.

TEACHER.—One of the inalienable rights of Americans is free speech. Do you know what that means?

BOY.—Yes 'm; freedom to say what yeh like to any one you can lick.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

The most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite is Angostura Bitters, the genuine of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At your druggists.

IF some men could buy the earth for ten cents, they would think the price should have been only five.—*Atchison Globe.*

ABOUT the first real hard work a boy does is to smoke a cigar.—*Inter Ocean.*

"THERE can be no question about it," said the proof-reader, angrily, as he changed the interrogation mark at the end of the sentence into an exclamation point.—*Yale Record.*

MEXICO CITY IN FIVE DAYS.
CALIFORNIA IN FOUR DAYS.

The Mexican International Railroad has just established a new Sleeping Car service, running an elegant Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car from San Antonio through to the City of Mexico, daily, connecting with all Eastern roads at San Antonio. All agents of the Sunset Route of the Southern Pacific Company sell through tickets to the City of Mexico, or side trip tickets (to passengers holding California excursion tickets). Also tickets to all points in Texas, New and Old Mexico, Arizona, Japan, China and Australia. Don't forget the "Sunset Limited" new fast Dining-Car Train to California. For free illustrated pamphlets, and time-tables, apply to 343 Broadway, or No. 1 Battery Place (Washington Building), N. Y.

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HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD.

LA FLOR DE VALLENS

BEWARE
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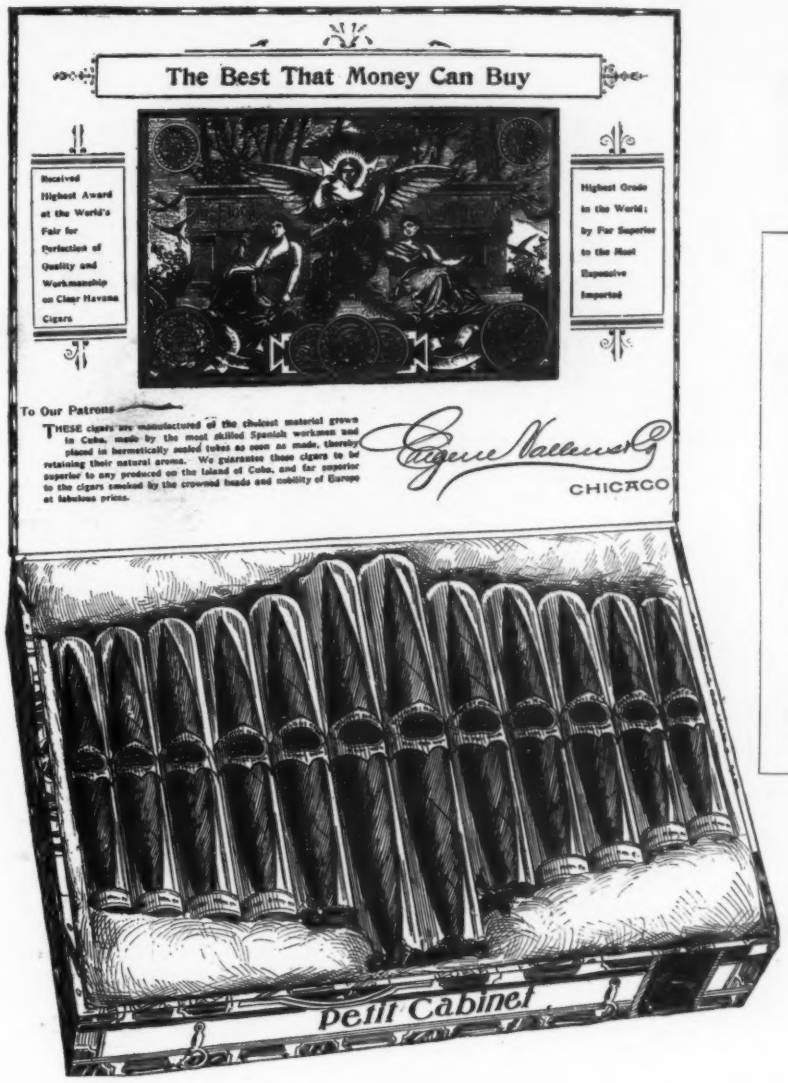
IMITATIONS
SEE THAT
OUR NAME
IS ON THE
..BAND..
ENCIRCLING
THE CENTER OF
EACH TUBE.



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Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.

EACH CIGAR PACKED IN A GLASS TUBE HERMETICALLY SEALED.

THEREBY PRESERVING ITS AROMA INDEFINITELY.

The public is cautioned against IMITATIONS of our glass tube cigars. . . . UNSCRUPULOUS manufacturers noting the phenomenal SUCCESS of our cigars packed in glass tubes are flooding the market with very INFERIOR GOODS put up in similar packages to ours, and are endeavoring to palm them off on the public as being equally good.

EUGENE VALLENS & CO., Manufacturers, Chicago, Ill.

On receipt of prices quoted, we deliver, prepaid to any address, box containing 12 cigars, in the following sizes:

CAMELIAS, $1.75; MANHATTANS, $2.25; DELMONICOS, $2.85; PETIT CABINETS, $4.75; EMPERORS, $5.75; Presidents, $11.50.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

"The stage is very bad, they say,
For fear it is," quoth she;
"I 'll wear my big hat to the play,
That others may not see."
—*Washington Star.*

For 40 years *Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne* has stood the test for purity and its delicious bouquet.

THE BEST HE COULD PROMISE.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper, "I want a big bass drum for Christmas."

"I 'm afraid you can't have that," replied Mr. Bloobumper; "but you may have a big turkey drumstick."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOKER'S BITTERS, a specific against Dyspepsia, an appetizer and a delicacy in drinks.

Irritations
of the
SKIN and SCALP
Odors from Perspiration
Speedy Relief by Using
Packer's
Tar Soap
"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

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THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS
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Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it can not be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
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AGAINST TOTAL DISABILITY, PARTIAL DISABILITY OR DEATH AT HOME OR ABROAD.
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DAILY, MONTHLY, YEARLY.
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DEAFNESS
and Head Noises relieved by using
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New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. Safe, comfortable, invisible, have no wire or string attachment. *Write for Pamphlet.*
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
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Waverley BICYCLES.
ARE THE HIGHEST OF ALL HIGH GRADES.
Warranted superior to any Bicycle built in the world, regardless of price. Do not be induced to pay more money for an inferior wheel. Insist on having the Waverley. Can be delivered from factory if agent hasn't it. Catalogue "I" Free by Mail.
22 lb. Scorcher, - - $85. INDIANA BICYCLE CO.,
23 lb. Ladies', - - 75. *Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.*

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OF THE SAME MIND.

LITTLE BROTHER *(in awful whisper.)*—Say, Pop, I just peeped into the parlor, and sister Mary was sitting on the music stool before the piano, and her young man was kneeling down in front of her and holding her hands.

FATHER.—By Jingo's! I always did say that was a sensible young man, Mother. I guess he don't like to hear her play the piano any more than I do.

THE RETORT ENVIOUS.

LITTLE MISS MUGG.—I bet you never saw such a beautifully dressed doll as mine!

LITTLE MISS FRECKLES.—No; I never did. Its clothes are so fine that you look like a hired nurse beside it.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE longest pole won't knock the persimmons unless the right kind of a man has hold of it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A MAN'S form has been found in the eye of a murdered woman in Jamestown, N. Y. This is regarded as wonderful; but many a young woman has "man's form in her eye," and the circumstance is not looked upon as at all mysterious.—*Norristown Herald.*

CRIMSONBEAK.—That man Shute is a wonderful presiding officer.

YEAST.—Why, he used to be a highwayman!

"Yes; when he asks those favoring a question to raise their hands, you bet they all go up!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

LA BELLE BERNARDINE;
OR,
THE BANKER'S BRIDE.
A Detail of To-day.

CHAPTER I.
A BLIGHTED LIFE.

BERNARDINE, the Banker's Bride, the bride of a few short hours, paced nervously up and down her sumptuous boudoir. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, her cheeks pale and tear-stained—she who had thought she would have been so happy!

As for the man who watched her with the anxiety he could not conceal, what was his wealth to him now? "Merciful Heavens!" was his thought; "she weeps, and I would give my millions to bring back the smile on that fair face. What can have changed her thus?"

Suddenly the fair girl pauses and gazes reproachfully at him. "Douglas Blanchard," she says; "when I consented to be your wife, you promised me all that refinement could wish and wealth could purchase."

"I did!" he says. "Look around you. See on every side the sumptuousness and gilded elegance with which you are environed."

"You have trifled with me," she says, coldly.

"I pledge you my word," he answers earnestly; "I have fulfilled every promise. No pains or expense have been spared; the decorations of this mansion are palatial; the old world and the new have been ransacked for rare and costly furnishings. More than I have done is beyond the magic of the wand of wealth."

"Douglas Blanchard!" The woman's voice is firm; but a look of wistful sadness is in those large blue eyes. "Douglas Blanchard," she repeats; "*the piano in the drawing-room is not a* SOHMER!"

"Merciful heavens!" he gasps; "it is not you but I that have been betrayed; I told them to get the BEST!

(To be continued in our next.)

For that "out o' sorts" feeling
Take Bromo-Seltzer.
Trial bottle 10c.

A HUB DOWDY.

FIRST BOSTON GIRL.—What a dowdy that Miss Careless is!

SECOND BOSTON GIRL.—In what way?

FIRST BOSTON GIRL.—She uses a pronunciation that went out of fashion two seasons ago.—*New York Weekly.*

"I CALLED in to see Mrs. Grimm and show her my new hat."

"Did she ask you the price of it?"

"No."

"Dear me! I wonder what she is offended about."—*Inter Ocean.*

EGBERT.—You think foot-ball is a proper game for women?

BACON.—Just the thing for some women.

"Would you allow your wife to play?"

"No; but I 'd encourage her mother to go into it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"FATHER," asked the small boy, "what is 'conflicting testimony?'"

"Expert testimony, my son."—*Norristown Herald.*

A NE'ER-DO-WELL.

"Jibbers?" said Dobson; "Jibbers a business man? Why, the fellow would starve to death on the New York police force!"—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

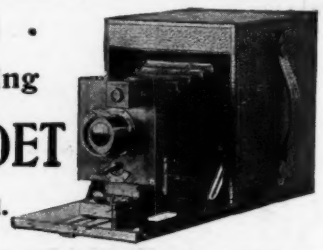
MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

"DICKEY Jones was awful scared when he spoke his piece to-day."

MAMA.—Did you have anything to do?

"Yes'm. I had to stay in at recess."
—*Inter Ocean.*

No. 4
Folding
KODET
Special.



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Improved shutter for time work or snap shots.
Reversible finder and focusing plate;
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The No. 4 Folding Kodet, Special is self contained when closed; handsomely covered with leather; front and bed highly finished mahogany and buffed brass.

Price, with single lens and one double plate holder, -	$15.00
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Roll holder for 5in (not loaded), - - - - -	10.00
Developing and printing outfit, - - - - -	1.50

Send for Catalogue. EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Children Cry
for PITCHER'S
CASTORIA

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

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the very center of the city,

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Via the New York Central,
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Practically a train every hour, via

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FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper.
Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you by express for examination the best and only genuine gold plated watch in the world at this price, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any $25 gold watch pay our sample price, $2.75, and it is yours, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you ONE FREE. Write at once as we shall send out samples for 60 days only.
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ECZEMA, PIMPLES, MOLES,
Skin Diseases and Facial Blemishes removed. Regular Physicians. Consultation free; office or letter. John H. Woodbury Dermatological Institute, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. Branches in Boston, Phila., Chicago, St. Louis. Inventor of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

PROMPT FOR ONCE.

"Did you ever hear of Fuddles paying anything he owed?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"An apology." — *Detroit Free Press.*

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

The Brunswick

DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

The Leading Havana Cigar OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sold in every State in the Union. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1 for sample box of 10 to JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., N. Y. City. Send money by registered mail.

Exact Size. *Perfecto.*

A WOMAN with a new dress that is becoming, is n't satisfied until the man she likes best, and the woman she likes least, have seen it.

—*Atchison Globe.*

A NEW REMEDY FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

SCHERING'S

PIPERAZIN WATER

A specific and radical cure, recommended by distinguished European and American medical authorities for Acute and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Urinary Calculus, and diseases due to uric acid diathesis.

For Sale by all Pharmacists.

LEHN & FINK, SOLE AGENTS FOR AMERICA, N. Y.

GENERAL ARTHUR CIGAR

ON SALE ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES.

KERBS, WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER, Manufacturers, NEW YORK.

Send 2-cent Stamp for our Latest Cigar Folder.

HYGEIA HOTEL

Old Point Comfort, Va.

Unrivalled as a health and pleasure resort. Air balmy and full of live-giving ozone. New plumbing throughout and perfect drainage and other sanitary arrangements. Send for descriptive pamphlet. Pamphlet and information in New York at THE OUTLOOK, 13 Astor Place.

F. N. PIKE, Manager.

CONSIDERATION.

"And how did your performance come off?"

"Splendidly!" replied the enthusiastic amateur actor. "The ladies wore big hats, and the people in private boxes interrupted nearly every scene. They treated us exactly as if we had been professionals."—*Washington Star.*

H. C. CURTIS & SONS

Colossus

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A LOVING wife's idea of guilt is to know something that she can't tell her husband.—*Atchison Globe.*

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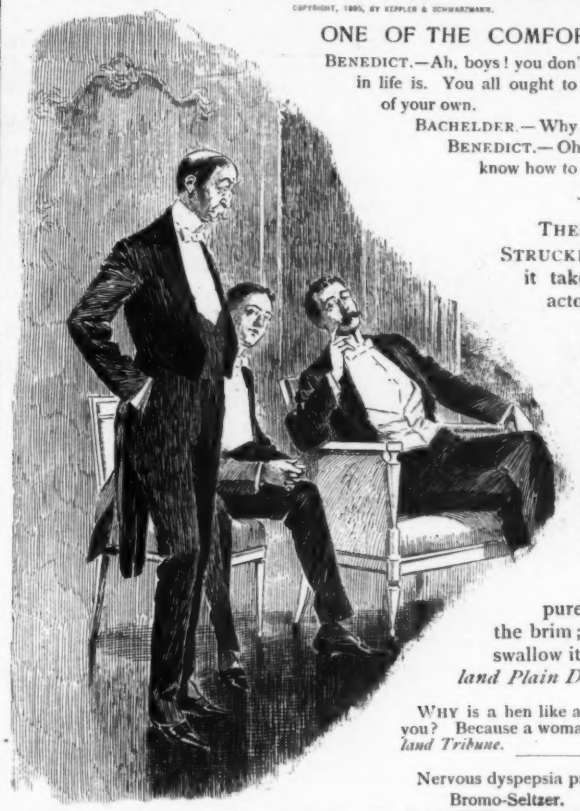

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ONE OF THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

BENEDICT.—Ah, boys! you don't know what real pleasure in life is. You all ought to marry and have a home of your own.

BACHELDER.—Why; ain't we well off as it is?

BENEDICT.—Oh, yes! But then you 'd know how to appreciate your club.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

STRUCKLEY.—How long did it take you to become an actor, Wingley?

WINGLEY. — Five years.

STRUCKLEY.—Five years! Great Scott! how came you to take so long?

WINGLEY. — One year studying, and four years trying to get an engagement. —*So. Boston News.*

LET your cup of pure thought be filled to the brim; but don't attempt to swallow it all yourself.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

WHY is a hen like a nail? Give it up, don't you? Because a woman can't drive it.—*Rockland Tribune.*

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Only in Square Bottles.

brings the highest price in bulk of any whiskey in the market. To insure its perfect purity, it is **bottled at the distillery,** where each bottle is wired, sealed, registered, certified and numbered.

You can buy other kinds for less money; you can buy none better at any price.

AN honest man 's the loneliest work of God. —*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Illustrated Monthly.*

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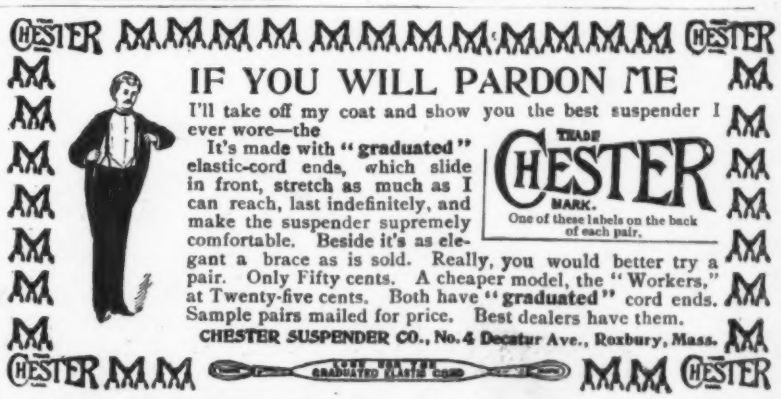

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DOUBLE BREECH LOADER $5.00. RIFLES $1.75 WATCHES GUNS BICYCLES $15 All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy send stamp for 60 page catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 108 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

VERY HOME-LIKE.

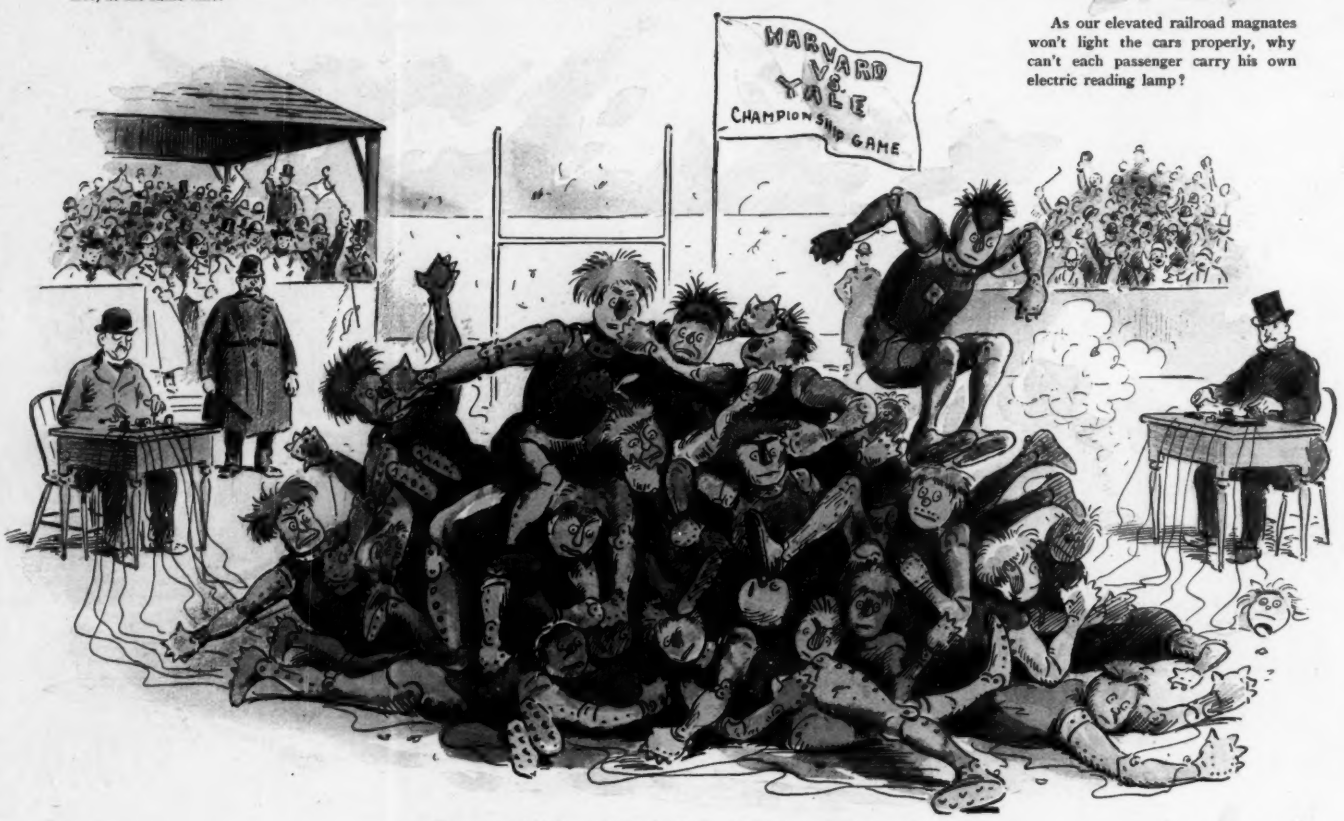
MRS. QUIVERFUL.—Was that place where you boarded, during my absence, at all home-like?

MR. Q.—Very. The children made so much noise I could n't hear myself think.—*New York Weekly.*

Electricity will enable Brooklynites to run the baby carriage back and forth, by turning on and reversing the current, and to read a book in comfort, at the same time.

MR. STORMER BARNS. — Getting stranded on the road is n't such a hardship since these Patent Portable Papier-Maché Electric Transporters came out!

As our elevated railroad magnates won't light the cars properly, why can't each passenger carry his own electric reading lamp?



The next probability — college foot-ball, with leather-covered dummies worked by electricity; — just as exciting, and nobody hurt.

Electric connection with the kitchen settees and chairs, would enable mistresses to give a hint to the cook's company, at 10 o'clock.

DEACON CHILBONE. — Since dese yere electric lights got so pop'lar, dere ain't no sech thing as a good, dark night — no how!

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